

make one more effort, and succeeded in winning the father's grudging consent to the Baptism of the babies. "Do as you please. I suppose it won't hurt them. But mark this, they shall not be taken into a church, and no clergyman shall come into my house."

Hurrying home, the young Churchman told his sister of his success, adding: "And you and I must be sponsors." The sister, though sharing his delight in the prospect of bringing the little ones into the Fold, shrank from the responsibility of a god-parent where there seemed so little opportunity to fulfil the duties of the office. "We can pray for them," was the brother's answer.

And so that very day a clergyman was summoned to the home of the brother and sister; the babies were brought from the neighbor's; and on neutral ground, as the father had stipulated, they were baptized, the two young people being sponsors. A few days later witnessed the departure of the father for the West, taking with him the little ones who, as the father never wrote, were thus lost sight of by those who were to take care that they be brought to the bishop to be confirmed.

"To take care." And so they did. Twenty years past—years of busy usefulness and of added responsibilities. But those faithful sponsors never ceased to pray for their god-children. "We can pray for them, sister," had been no idle word of the young Churchman. Twenty years of prayer! Colorado had ceased to be the far West, when one day taking up his *Spirit of Missions*, the Bishop of — read of two young men, twins, who were especially active and devoted in the work of the Church, cheering the missionary bishop by their loyalty and zeal.

"Jane," exclaimed the bishop excitedly, "*Jane, those are our twins!*" It was the work of but a few moments to write a letter of inquiry to the Bishop of Colorado, and return of mail brought news that confirmed the identity of the active young Churchmen with "our twins." Now was, indeed, a time of rejoicing with the faithful sponsors, a rejoicing that was but increased when, through correspondence with the young men themselves, they were able to trace the finger of God and the answer to prayer in the way those youths had been led to renew the vow that their sponsors had made for them in Baptism.

"Ye are to take care!" Would that all who accept the office of sponsor would seek to do what in them lies to guide aright those for whom they have answered at the font! We who are god-parents may not always be able to use personal influence, or make direct appeal to those for whom we are to take care. But these means failing our honest effort, there remains one mighty resource: *We can pray for them.*

#### SCATTERING AND YET INCREASING.

As is well known, the late William E. Dodge, of New York, was a most generous contributor to various objects of Christian benevolence, and especially to Home and Foreign Missions. The Rev. T. Edwards tells, as follows, how Mr. Dodge learned to give, and how wonderfully he was prospered: "Henry Obookiah had come from the Sandwich Islands to this country, and was placed at Cornwall in school, there to be educated for the Ministry, that he might go back as a preacher of the Gospel to his native land—a plan which was frustrated by his death in 1818, though the interest his career had awakened ultimately led to the establishment of the Sandwich Islands mission."

"Young Dodge, then quite a lad, was at this same school in Cornwall, and having been prayerfully trained by a faithful Christian mother, was deeply interested in the story of Obookiah and in his plans for doing good, and anxious to do something to aid them. Having, like most schoolboys of those days, but limited means, he scarcely knew how he could carry out his wishes and intentions; but finally proposed to one or two of his associates that they should take their little pocket-money and buy potatoes and plant them, and in the fall sell the crop, and give the proceeds for the benefit of Obookiah or the mission. They did thus; 'and,' said Mr. Dodge, as in later years he told the story, 'from that day it seemed as if everything I touched prospered.'

"Beginning at this early day, he all his lifetime recognized his stewardship to God, and endeavored to be faithful to it, and all his lifetime he was singularly prospered; and though his benefactions were numerous and most liberal, the bestowments of Providence were larger still."

#### GOD AND THE SAINT.

It is declared that God is able to keep his saints from stumbling during their journey, and to bestow on them eternal glory in the life to come. But there is one state of mind and heart which is represented in Scripture as crippling even the Divine omnipotence; that state is one of unbelief. Capernaum, which became our Lord's own city after his rejection by the people of Nazareth, it is said that he could there do no mighty work; and the reason that his healing power was thus paralysed is added immediately afterwards, "He marvelled because of their unbelief;" this was the fatal obstacle to the putting forth of his power. It is so still; the man who has no faith in the power and love of God to keep him from stumbling now, and to glorify him hereafter, must face the consequences of his unbelief; it cuts off the communication between him and his God. There is one hand by which we may lay hold on the power of God, and that hand is faith. To the poor man who appealed to Christ's power to heal his demoniac boy, and seemed for the moment to doubt that power when he exclaimed, "If thou canst do anything," the Lord replied, "If thou canst—all things are possible to him that believeth;" and to the two blind men he said, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" If we, then, would realize the manifestation of the power of God in keeping our feet without slipping as we pursue our pilgrimage here below, and in presenting us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy on the day of his appearing, away with unbelief; for it is our greatest enemy; it is the most fatal hindrance to our salvation. Cultivate a simple, earnest, childlike confidence in your Heavenly Father's power; cast yourselves wholly on his precious promises, which are firm and unchangeable as the everlasting hills; and you shall know, here in part, more fully hereafter, that he is faithful that calleth you, who also will do it. And the more you know, the more fervently will your experience adopt the ascription of praise "to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory and majesty; dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—*Bishop of Melbourne.*

#### THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The Rev. George Brown, a veteran missionary in the South Sea Islands, tells the following story of the missionary zeal and the self-sacrificing spirit of the native young men of the training institution connected with the mission in Fiji.

In 1875 Mr. Brown went to the Fiji Islands to obtain native helpers to go with him 2,000 miles further to preach the gospel to the fierce savages of New Britain. He came to the training school, where eighty-three young men were staying, some of whom looked very pale, having just recovered from the measles. Mr. Brown stated his errand and called for volunteers. Their teacher set the matter before them in its worst light, dwelling upon the peril and danger. The boys were asked to wait, as they seemed excited, and ponder the matter over night. The next day the question was put, and when those who were asked to step forward every one of those eighty-three youths came forth.

Nine was chosen for the arduous task. But the new English governor summoned Mr. Brown and the young men into his presence, told them they were now free English subjects, recounted the perils of the journey, the fever and ague, the savage hostility to be encountered, and told them that if they did not wish to go he would see that they were not made to. One of the nine, after asking if he might, answered for all. He went all over the governor's speech, and then said, in a way the missionary could never forget: "As to our lives, we have decided to do God's work. If we live, we

live; if we die, we die; but we will do God's work in New Britain." So they went on their long journey, the young men taking their wives and little ones with them. After a time a second company went forward. And then, just as a third party were about ready to go, word came that four of the first nine had been killed and roasted and eaten. Their widows and fatherless children brought back the sad news. Did the Fijians waver or turn back? Not at all. They simply said: "If our companions have fallen in the field there is all the more need that we go forward." And they went. That is christian heroism. The fact is, that never has a man fallen in our ranks that there were not twelve ready to take his place. And whenever a man was ready to go, a plucky, God-fearing woman was found ready to go with him.

#### SOW THE SEED.

Sow, sow the Gospel seed; forget the night of weeping;

For open are the furrows to receive the precious grain;

They that sow in tears, shall yet have glorious reaping, And bearing harvest treasure "shall rejoice again."

Work, work, while yet the flowers of spring bedeck the meadows;

While times of blessing linger, and working seasons last;

Before the landscape darkens with the evening's lengthened shadows,

The summer sunshine ended, and the joy of harvest past.

Lift, lift the Cross of Christ; tell of grace abounding; In every tribe and kingdom let His banner be unfurled.

Blow, blow the trumpet, loud and lofty sounding, 'Till its tones of jubilee echo round the world!

—Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.

SHALL TIRED MEN GO TO CHURCH?—Three gentlemen were in conversation.

Said Mr. A. to Mr. B. (who was an editor): "Mr. B., I must thank you for giving us Talmage's sermons in your Sunday morning issue. I enjoy staying home on Sunday morning to read them."

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.: "My dear sir, can't you arrange to give that sermon in your Monday's issue, so that Mr. A. can go to church on Sunday, as he should, and stay home Monday morning to read Talmage?"

Mr. B. replied: "Go to church? Why, I don't go to church. After such a busy week I need rest on Sunday, and I feel more like lounging about home than fixing up for church."

To which Mr. B. said: "Amen."

Mr. C.'s reply was earnest and practical. Said he:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate every word you say. You both know there is no busier man in town than I am. I grow so weary that I can hardly sleep. And you will always find me at church on Sunday. I go there for absolute rest, where my mind can entirely forget its week-day thoughts in the contemplation of divine truth and love, and where body and soul can unite in the worship of God. It is because we need rest that God bids us worship him, and I advise you to throw Talmage and lounging aside, and enjoy your duty."

The conversation was ended, but we trust not its influence. And we reproduce it here, because it is a thought many a man should consider who makes rest an idleness and a slothful disregard for the commands of and his duty to his God.

Human love, when deep and true, is never ashamed of the lowliness of its object. A truly noble nature recognizes a friend the more he needs help. Though we are mean and low and despised, yet Christ is not ashamed of us, because he loves us.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

By papal enactment in the middle of the ninth century weather cocks were set upon the steeples of churches as an emblem of St. Peter. In these days the cross is preferred as the emblem of St. Peter's Master.